The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
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From the Democratic Platform Adopted This Week at Albany:

"Tax burdens must be reduced immediately and equitably. Rigid economies must be had wherever possible in governmental expenditures. We demand that Congress shall speedily enact laws to readjust the machinery of government to a peace basis."

The Democratic Party in This State Adopts the Slogan THE EVENING WORLD Has Sounded Since February 1:

Get the Government Back on a Peace Basis; Stop War Spending; Lighten the Taxpayers' Load

WHERE RAILROAD UNIONS ERR.

THE Railroad Bill is not perfect. While it was being framed The Evening World repeatedly pointed out that the labor provisions were extraneous and better omitted. Nothing in the Congressional action on the bill seems to have affected this argument.

Some of the objections advanced in the memorial of the railroad workers to the President merit serious consideration, though none would seem to warrant a veto which would confuse the return of the roads. If there are mistakes, they can be corrected by amendment.

One paragraph of the memorial, however, is most objectionable. If it represents the attitude of the railroad leaders, they can scarce expect a very cordial hearing for their case at the court of public opinion which ultimately decides industrial quarrels.

Paragraph 6, dealing with objections to the proposed Labor Board, says:

> "The bill provides that any decision of the Labor Board affecting increased wages or salaries or improved working conditions cannot become effective unless such decision is concurred in by at least one of the public representatives on said board, thereby conferring upon the representative of the public the arbitrary power to annul any decision that may be unanimously agreed upon by representatives of the officials and employees."

In days gone by the public, observing the operation of many railroads, decided that the railroad motto was the famous dictum of a famous railroad operator, "The public be damned." Railroads have never recovered from this suspicion, although Federal regulation has robbed the curse of power.

It is only fair to warn railroad workers not to arouse public suspicion that the unions have a similar policy. The passage quoted is suggestive of such sentiment.

The public believes it has an interest in settlements equal to that of the owners or workers. It absolutely refuses to be "damned," and has power to exorcise the curse.

BETWEEN WOOL AND WEARER.

IN ANOTHER column on this page a friend of The Evening World comments on the disparity in prices between the fleece of the shorn lamb and the same fleece manufactured into a suit of clothes for the shorn purchaser.

Similar sad reflection upon portions of the enormous overhead that accumulates between the clipping of the sheep and the shearing of the overcoat buyer is apparent in the recent speech of Milo D. Campbell, a wool grower, in which he told the Boston City Club:

> "I am here to give notice that the wool growers have learned by sore experience how to organize and how to deal directly with the mills without building fortunes each year for those who neither toil nor spin."

The consuming public, too, is thinking more seriously than ever before of organizing for more direct dealing with the mills.

If the present curse of high living costs will induce co-operation between consumers and producers and so force out parasitic middlemen, then the experience will be worth the price.

"GOTHAM AND GOMORRAH."

FROM his sanctum overlooking Independence Square in Philadelphia, the editor of the Saturday Evening Post writes both in sorrow and in anger of the sins and wickedness of New York.

Admitting that New York is the real capital of the country, the editor finds it "unfortunate" that "the city to which America naturally turns for an example in manners, morals and standards of living" sets the styles "and, on the whole, sets them badly." His conclusion is that

> "If New York will not set an example for the country, the provinces must try to set one for New York. By boring from without, Gotham might be Americanized and assimilated."

In another place he says:

> "For the present we rubes from the provinces who go to Gotham for to see and to admire must remember that a good deal of what we see and hear and read is far from admirable and best left behind as we start back to Gomorrah."

(Why Gomorrah? Was it not also destroyed?)

By all means let us have a "boring from without." That has always been the pride and joy of the metropolis. It is in a state of continual renewal "from the provinces." It attracts not only the worst but also the best from other cities, including Philadelphia.

> "There is, of course," our critic admits, "a very real, fine and unostentatious New York that the visiting and unassimilated Americans who compose most of the native-born population rarely see, because it is not the New York of the streets, the hotels, the cabarets, the shops and the press."

Quite true. New York has a host of volunteer press agents—including the Saturday Evening Post—who do not often invade this less spectacular and more exemplary New York. Perhaps the editor has been taking his own fiction too seriously.

But New York will survive these unkindly criticisms, because it is fundamentally sound and because the rest of America will continue to bore its way in, good with bad, and more good than bad.

THE INDISPENSABLE PLANK.

SO FAR, no party platform takes the risk of ignoring a national need which The Evening World has been urging with facts and figures for weeks past—the need of a check on Government spending.

The Democratic platform-makers at Albany took care to put in a Federal economy plank. That plank adopts the words of The Evening World's plea: Get the country back on a peace basis.

Last week the Republican unofficial convention in this State declared for a national budget and for "the reduction of public expenditures" as a "national necessity."

Elihu Root put the call for Government thrift "first on the list:"

> "It is true that a political party cannot make individuals thrifty; but a political party can produce the shining and potent example of thrifty and economical government."

Republican efforts to prove that a Democratic Administration is solely responsible for present "throwing away of the public money" may be discounted as part of the usual pre-campaign tactics by which a party sets out to pin responsibility for all extravagance, past and present, on its opponents.

Demand for Government retrenchment at this time is something wider and deeper than a parading of party thrift and virtue.

War developed habits of Federal spending for which no party was primarily to blame. Desire to break that habit and call a halt on continuing bureaucratic lavishness overspreads party lines.

In the present economic state of the country and the world, an old-time "billion-dollar Congress" would mean burdens comparatively light. War spending has made ten-figure estimates mere items in the staggering totals.

Washington contains to-day tens of thousands of persons who were not there before the war and who would not be there now if the Government were cutting down its outlay to the requirements of peace.

It is a rare bureau that, once established, will ever confess it can be spared. And there is no central authority to insist that the Federal income shall be wisely distributed and spent.

For a people suffering from currency inflation, high prices and the profiteering of classes who still grab to better the favors they gained during war, continued Government spending on a war scale is an aggravating influence of the worst sort.

No one political party need be called in to diagnose the case or prescribe for it.

The whole Nation should declare and demand the obvious cure.

COMMUNITY SPORT IN THE WEST.

STRANGE visitor in an Eastern and ultra urban newspaper office, the Weekly News Letter of the Department of Agriculture tells briefly of the game bagged in a series of rabbit drives in the Far Northwest.

Born and bred New Yorkers can know nothing of this distinctive American sport. Not all transplanted Westerners have had the experience.

Picture a bright, cold morning—perhaps it is Lincoln's Birthday and a holiday. A light snow covers the ground. Word has gone round that the drive is to be held. Country neighbors and villagers turn out for the fun and to make an end of a pest that injures fruit trees, gardens and crops. The territory to be driven is, perhaps, a square five or six miles on a side, with a smooth open spot in the centre for the round-up.

A captain for each side line and a lieutenant for each mile marshal and distribute their forces, men armed with clubs—only the captains have guns—and a host of dogs. The drivers form a hollow square facing the round-up place. When the lines are set the drive is on.

Perhaps at first the men may be 100 feet or more apart. Each swings back and forth over his sector of the front. The line advances slowly, the dogs barking, the men shouting greetings, swinging their arms and their clubs to keep warm. Every bush and brushpile is beaten out to make sure that the rabbits are not left behind.

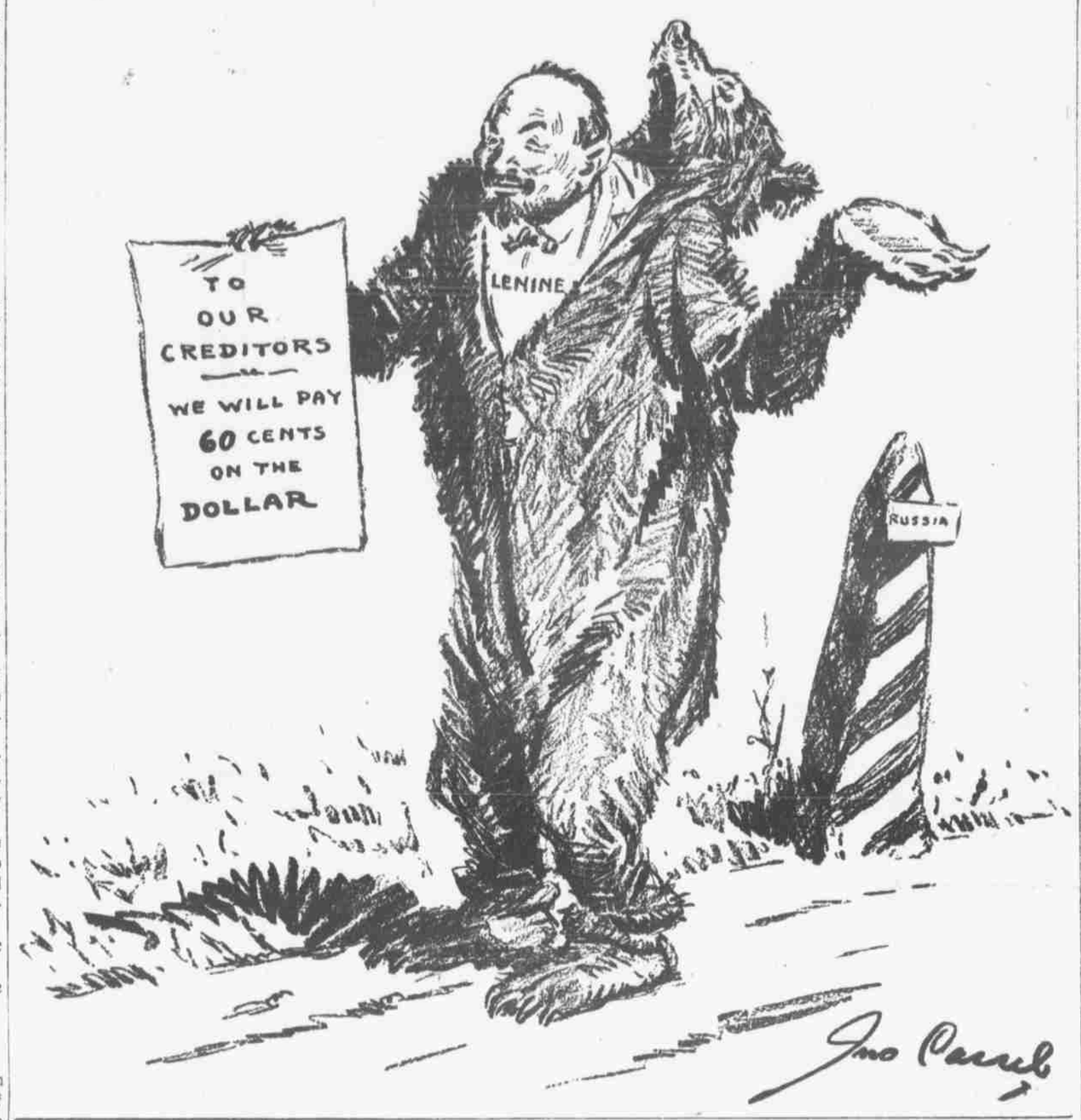
At first only an occasional rabbit will be seen scurrying in advance of the noisy line, but as the drive proceeds and men draw closer the quarry becomes more evident. "Cotton-tails" seem to grow beneath every bush, only to flit away ahead of the drivers. In ravines and woody tracts it is difficult to prevent escapes. The line forges on.

Finally the men form almost a solid line around a small area and then the slaughter commences. This is the least pleasant but most necessary part. The bag may number several thousand. Then there is a frolic, with lunch provided by wives and mothers at the school house and a tramp home in laughing, skylarking groups before the sun sets.

A day in the open, good-natured co-operation with neighbors in community sport, a long walk cross-country with canine and human friends. That is a rabbit drive, and good enough sport for any man.

What Could Be Sweeter?

By J. H. Cassel



FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

In the Sweet Bye and Bye.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The Ouija board said, "The streets of New York will be cleaned March 30."

E. GERDES.

406 East 83d Street.

Fly Your Colors.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The writer has been a constant reader of The Evening World for years and, being a travelling man, has bought the paper in most of our cities. Although I have not always agreed with you politically, I can always find some real logical truth in your columns. I can't go to sleep until I have found an Evening World. I have made a close canvass of a great many business men throughout Central New York State and have questioned them regarding Prohibition in our country. I am certainly at a loss to figure how the States ever went dry. The results of my personal canvass show, without the least bit of exaggeration, ninety per cent opposed to Prohibition, which has become the religion of a few idling fanatics. What became of those thousands of protests which were sent to Congress? Are we still freemen, rightful heirs of a "sweet land of liberty"? Or have we all lost our spirit and our righteous indignation against those who would lead us into servitude?

I want you to know, Mr. Editor, that you are not alone in these good old but ill-treated United States. Will you do your part to compel every man who aspires to an office in the next election to be ALL MAN and fly his colors?

Will you please tell me where I can find articles written by such men as Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield or Roosevelt in favor of National Prohibition or the "Exodus of American Liberty"?

LYNNDON ANG.

Syracuse, Feb. 26, 1920.

Arrowroot for Epicurus.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We note in The Evening World of Feb. 7 a comment in connection with the article written by Capt. Kettle, 8682 Eighteenth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Arrowroot Pudding. This comment reads as follows:

"Jack Horner's highly recommended Arrowroot Pudding seems to have gone the way of our old friends, the Tom and Jerry Twins. If there is a restaurant in New York that serves the pudding, I wish some kind reader would put me wise, so that I could go around and regale myself with a double helping. EPICURUS."

We would be most pleased to be put in touch with "Epicurus" in order that we might have the pleasure of presenting "Epicurus" with a liberal sample of our Arrowroot in order that he might have not a double helping but as many helpings as he wished made for himself. If it is possible to give us this information, we will be greatly pleased, and we believe that "Epicurus" will also be grateful to know that the product is still obtainable.

CHAS. MORNINGTAR & CO., INC.
349 Broadway, Feb. 21, 1920.

Times Have Changed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mayor Hylan, in defending his administration against charges of inefficiency in coping with the snow, is quoted as saying: "The principal difficulty is the shortage of labor. We cannot get the men."

All thinking and fair-minded citizens will heartily agree that the City of New York never seriously prepares for the real snow fall that comes but once in a decade. They will not dispute that the prevailing wages paid to unskilled labor are such that even $5 a day will not attract the necessary men. Time was, and not so long ago, when $2 or $3 a day brought willing hands, even from the car-barns. That times have changed is not the Mayor's fault, and we may say with His Honor, "Any one who criticises the administration is obviously unfair and acting with ulterior motive."

But when our Mayor tells us on the very same day that there is no teacher shortage, while the whole United States knows there is, we may rightly ask whether the Mayor knows after all that the times have changed.

The teacher shortage is just as real as the snow hills that dot our streets; only the teacher shortage is lots more serious than the shortage of snow shovellers. Old Sol may be counted on in a few days to come to our worthy Mayor's rescue. With his fiery breath he will prove much more effective than ten times ten thousand shovels or the new "snow melter." The snow-labor shortage is but a matter of days. Not so the teacher shortage. Each rising sun sees the situation growing rapidly worse. Teachers are leaving in larger numbers than they are coming in, and the number preparing for teaching is negligible.

Teachers cannot be trained over night any more than nurses, lawyers and physicians can be so trained. Let down the bars as the Mayor proposes; remove them altogether if you will; economic laws will still limit the supply. Men and women will not spend fourteen or fifteen years at school to prepare themselves for a job that will pay them $400 a year less to start with than is paid to the street cleaners. We are confronted by a basic human instinct—the desire for a decent existence.

We will stand by the Mayor in his battle with Jack Frost, the Snowman and the labor shortage. But since he has called the labor shortage to his aid, we must ask him in turn to stand by his guns and to admit that the same economic law which he invokes applies with equal force to the schools.

JACOB THEOBALD.

813 West 144d Street, Feb. 20, 1920.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake.

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TACT.

Tact is consideration for others. Some people are born tactful, others achieve tactfulness, but nobody ever has tactfulness thrust upon him.

Tact is nearly always a prerequisite for success.

It saves men from blundering speeches that hurt other men's feelings. It saves them from saying things which convey impressions the speaker little means to convey.

It enables a man to understand his fellow men, and to adapt his speech to the thoughts of other men. We know of no business in which it is not an invaluable quality.

All men are sensitive; men of capacity have pride.

When their pride is wounded, when their sensibilities are hurt, they withdraw themselves into their shells, and remain there while the disturber is around.

The tactful man does not disturb them. He avoids exposing religious prejudices—if he is stupid enough to have any.

He refrains from asking questions which seem impertinent. He does not betray curiosity as to matters that men like to keep to themselves, such as their private business, their incomes, their physical shortcomings.

The tactful man knows instinctively that some men like to talk, and with such men he is a good listener. He knows when with men who like to listen just how much to talk without being a bore.

He is considerate with other people's beliefs and dogmas even if he disagrees with them. It is not necessary to air disagreeable truths in order to be honest.

If you lack tact, acquire it. Study men and their likes and dislikes. Think about their comfort and convenience, and not your own. Try to help them when they need help, not intrude your advice on them unless they ask it.

In a sentence, be considerate, and you will be tactful.

And when you have learned to be tactful, half of your fight will be won.

Where to Find Your Vocation

By Max Watson

Jewelry.—No. 28.

Opportunities for Entering This Trade.—The jewelry trade may be divided into the following branches:

1. **Mounters**—This work includes the preparation of mountings upon which stones and other ornaments are set. On high-class jewelry this work is done almost entirely with hand tools. It requires considerable skill as well as artistic ability. In hand work the metals used are gold, platinum and a limited amount of silver.

2. **Polishers**—The polisher finishes the mounting so that it is all complete except for setting the stones. This work is done partly by hand and partly by machinery. In high-class jewelry work a limited number of women are employed in this branch.

3. **Cutters**—Although this is a part of the jewelry trade, as a whole it is quite distinct in the trade and separately organized. It is the most highly skilled branch of the jewelry trade. A large percentage of the diamond cutters in America are Hollanders, the original workmen having come to this country from Amsterdam, which is the centre of the trade in Europe. This is a trade which is handed down from father to son for generations, and it is almost impossible for an outsider to break into this trade.

4. **Setters**—This is a regular branch of the jewelry trade. The stone setter finishes the mounting and sets the stone. His work is highly skilled, and requires above all a steady hand and excellent eyesight.

The jewelry trade is well organized throughout the country. There is a regular apprentice system and it is possible for a young man to start as an apprentice in any of the branches mentioned above except cutting. One apprentice is allowed for every ten men working in a shop, providing there are not more than three apprentices in one shop. An apprentice begins as an assistant to a journeyman and follows the same branch of the trade until he receives a journeyman card. The apprentice period for mounters is from two to three years, for polishers about 18 months and for setters from 3 to 4 years.

Schooling—No stipulated amount of schooling is necessary to become an apprentice, although a good education makes a better workman in the end. The best way to learn is on the job, and there are no special schools worth considering.

Salary—An apprentice generally receives from $8 to $12 a week. He may expect an increase after six months and is advanced regularly during his entire apprenticeship period. A first class mounter receives from $50 to $70 a week, a polisher from $40 to $50 a week, and a setter from $70 to $80 a week. A cutter often makes as high as $100 to $125 a week, if he is a high class man.

Remarks—The centres of the jewelry manufacturing trade in this country are Providence, R. I., Attleboro, Mass., Newark, N. J., and New York City. Providence and Attleboro specialize in the production of cheaper jewelry, which is produced largely by machinery. A large percentage of girls are employed in this industry. Newark, N. J., produces almost entirely gold jewelry, considerable of which is produced on the quantity basis by machines. This machine work is done with dies, which are made by men known as die cutters. Die cutting is highly skilled and well paid, but is not strictly a branch of the jewelry trade.

Young men wishing to enter this field as apprentices should apply directly to the local union to see if there is an opening in any first class shop.

Shearing Sheep —and Lambs

A friend of The Evening World sends us this Profiteering Exhibit:

This sheep grew a fleece weighing seventy ounces, for which its farmer owner was paid at the rate of 5 1-3 cents per ounce, or 80 cents per pound, delivered at the buyer's store in Harrison, Me.

The best grade of woollen cloth takes ten ounces per yard of wool for its manufacture. Three and a half yards of wool suffices for a suit of

clothes. This sheep, therefore, produced enough wool for two suits. For this the farmer received $2.8⅓. Fashioned into clothes by a good tailor, this wool became worth $250, or $126 per suit.

It took the sheep one year to raise the fleece. Some overhead?

Query: Is the sheep a goat?